

# MRS. STUYVESANT FISH HAS COME TO BE KNOWN AS NEW YORK'S BEST-DRESSED WOMAN.



WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.  
What Mrs. "Jack" Gardner is to Boston Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is to New York. Ladylike, beyond all thought of impropriety; rich beyond the dreams of avarice; sufficiently good-looking to be called a beauty; endowed with family and supplied with education and culture, she is remarkable for certain characteristics which distinguish her among a hundred other high society women, all endowed with wealth, beauty, family and position.

Perhaps it would be correct to classify this something under the general title of talent, for Mrs. Fish is the most talented woman with which New York society has to deal. She is brilliant to her taper finger tips and to her brilliancy is owed much of the effulgence which has made Gotham and Newport shine the past half dozen seasons and caused London to grow envious. Mrs. Fish has certain peculiarities.

She never does anything just because other people are doing it.  
She never follows the multitude.  
She spent June abroad, not for the coronation, but for her gown.  
She is not ashamed to say that she has a daughter in society.  
She does not pretend to be young.  
She is not a made-up beauty.  
She speaks every known language that could be met in society.  
She is not afraid to take up poor gossams and develop their bent.  
She is progressive and eager and society would feel as lost around Gotham town without her as Boston would feel without Mrs. Jack.

If Mrs. Paron Stevens, the woman who organized society along with Ward McAllister, could have a successor in the present day, that one would be Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. She has all the qualities of leadership and she is popular, which last trait is the most essential one a leader could have.

Often the Guest of Mrs. George Gould.  
Mrs. Fish is a particular friend of Mrs. George Gould. She spends a great deal of time at Georgian Court, Lakewood, and

when in town, is often at Mrs. Gould's Fifth avenue home.  
Mrs. Fish is also a friend of Gotham's leader, Mrs. William Astor, and from that lady she gets much of her inspiration.  
If this Gotham woman has any particular forte in a long list of marvelous attain-

ments, it is for getting up rare and new entertainments. The so-called circuses have arisen under her hand and the dances at which professionals come in to entertain the elite.  
Mrs. Fish's friends attribute to her the lawn variety show.

They credit her with the headress dinner.  
They say that she invented the dinner dance.  
They claim that without her the Josephine revival would never have come in.  
The 1902 styles were all started by her.

MRS. FISH IN THE COSTUMES SHE HAS REVIVED.

## MONKEY AS GUEST OF HONOR AT A DINNER.



A TOAST TO THE PET.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.  
Newport, July 10.—All society here is discussing the latest prank of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the social leader and heroine of numberless innovations which have amused and startled her guests. Mrs. Fish's latest "eccentricity," so to call it, consisted of making a monkey the guest of honor at a dinner given recently by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehr.  
The arrival of Mrs. Fish at this resort is generally the signal for a social surprise of some kind, as she is constantly planning such things. But all agree that her latest achievement in that line is the best of them all.  
It came about as a sort of inspiration. Mr. Joseph Lehr brought a crowd of society persons from New York on his steam yacht, the *Thaurus*. Among his guests was Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, including in the crew of the yacht is Jocko, a monkey, and the pride of the forecabin.  
Mrs. Fish took a great fancy to Jocko and on the trip won the little animal's heart by gifts of sweetmeats and delicacies from the table. Jocko took kindly to the attentions paid him by the society leader and was threatened with an attack of enlarged cranium.  
Unknown to the other guests on the yacht Mrs. Fish was quietly training Jocko for the part he was to play in the little surprise which she had prepared for her friends in Newport. At meal times the simian sat beside his new mistress and received instructions in etiquette, much to the amusement of the other guests.  
With the arrival of the yacht in the harbor the monkey was forgotten by all the guests except Mrs. Fish. She held a brief conversation with the steward, there was a transfer of coin of the realm and the society matron went ashore with Jocko in drive to O'Connor's, the fashionable tailor of the place, and a suit of clothes was ordered for the monkey. The tailor protested, it would hurt his business, he de-

The high-waisted Empire dinner costumes were first seen at her house.  
The wonderful surprise puddings, end of which a dancer steps, are said to have been given an impetus by the entertainments at the Fifth avenue mansion.  
But it is not alone in the entertainment line that Mrs. Fish excels. She wears marvelous gowns, and is said by all to be the best-dressed woman in a circle where the women think of dress.  
Her color is blue.  
Carnations and Orchids are her favorite flowers.  
Her flower is the pink carnation in summer and the orchid in winter.  
She wears pearls.  
Her gloves are made to order.  
Her boots are marvels of hand-work.  
She never wears exactly the same gown twice.  
She rather affects the French styles, though all countries contribute to her wardrobe.  
She spends part of the year in New York, part in Newport and part of the year yachting; quite incidentally she goes to Europe.  
To be the best-dressed woman in the 40 is a great honor, for it means a great deal besides money. It means artistic taste, refinement and skill, and is a great deal more.  
If Mrs. Fish were to have no other honors than that one would be enough, but to the laurel of good dressing is laid the one of talent—for she is the genius of society whose special fate and forte is to drive away his blues.  
And so, to beauty, brains, wealth and position, is added the attribute of being the best-dressed woman in New York and the most talented one in society. And, with all these, surely Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish may consider herself the most richly endowed woman outside King Edward's domain.

## EVER HEARD OF A "DOG TRUNK?"

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"One trouble with pets is that they are such a nuisance to move," said the man who was going out of town for several months. "I like my fox terrier, and I like my black cat, because he is a beauty, and lucky in the bargain. And I like my canary bird—there never was a bird with such a range of notes. But certainly they do become nuisances when I have to move."  
"Why don't you put them in the trunk?" said the man who uses his eyes when he walks abroad.  
"What is that you said?" gasped the troubled one.  
"I said, 'Why don't you put them in the trunk?' Put the dog in the trunk. Put the cat in the trunk. Put the bird in the trunk. Get a check for the trunk and there you are. Your pets will be waiting for you at the end of your journey."

The man with the animals looked at his companion as if he didn't know whether to suggest the gold cure or to ring for an ambulance. Finally he said, simply: "You've been smoking, old chap," and went on with his packing. The other laughed.  
"You do as I tell you," he said. "I'm all right and clothed in my proper mind. I

haven't been drinking and my brain isn't affected."  
"Do you seriously advise me to pack my dog, my cat and my bird down that almighty box with my two suits of clothes, my hair brushes and my other effects and then insist that you are not crazy?" This with some indignation.  
"I didn't say anything of the kind. I didn't say put them in the trunk. I said put the dog in a trunk, the cat in a trunk and the bird in a trunk. If you kept your eyes open you would have noticed, in an apparently obscure shop in a side street off Broadway, some trunk arrangements that are unique. One is about two feet long by a foot wide. Instead of being closed on all sides it has a wire screen fitted into one end. It opens and shuts just like a big trunk and is provided with a lock and key. The swivel dog fasteners are fast adapted for the dog trunk and the bird trunks are fashioned in similar lines."  
"But this isn't all. Did you ever hear of a bureau trunk? Of course, you didn't. You never heard of any trunk but the old-fashioned kind. Well, the bureau trunk, closed, looks just like an ordinary affair. When opened and stood on end it is as perfect a chiffonier as ever you saw, filled with drawers, a top for a mirror and all the appliances of a modern chest."  
"We learn, we learn," admitted the man of pets, and he provided himself with a dog trunk, a cat trunk and a bird trunk, and the problem of transportation was solved.

## WHAT IS THE HOT IN AMERICA

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.  
The statements printed this week are of varying degrees of public utility. One is unifying the national vaudeville at Washington with his marvellously expert proficiency in verbal boomerang throwing. He is also expert with the bolo, and, like a conscientious policeman, sticks to his belt, the root of which has sunk deep in the nature of others. "Boxer Bill," however, is a palpable patient. Perkins ditto.  
The suggestion that the title of this compilation be changed during the summer months to "Who's Hot in America" is hereby rejected with scorn. It will be the mission of the author of these biographies to keep not only himself but his readers cool during the heated term, and he trusts that nothing will interfere with his continuing to cut ice with them for many a long day.  
WILBERFORCE JENKINS.

Perkins, George Clement.

United States Senator from California, aid-de-camp to General Elkins of the Beet Root Bushwhackers and leader of the Beet Root Brigade. Like his chief, is a good all-around American, having been born in Maine and lived all over the country, settling in California. Born 1860, studied farming at the Kennebunkport Military Academy and attained such proficiency in plowing that at the age of 12 he went to sea and for four years plowed the main. Was appointed cabin boy of the brig *Nancy G.*, and by dint of hard work rose to the position of boson's mate, in charge of the large board watch, which he kept wound up and going without the loss of a second, day in and day out, for four years.  
In 1885, wearying of a sailor's life, he resigned his office on the *Nancy G.* and went to San Francisco, where he embarked upon a mercantile career, establishing a department store at Oroville, Cal., where customers could secure anything they wanted from sailors' yards to a tin roof. Decided to go into fruit culture because he did not wish to be known as an apple pioneer, but branched out into banking, mining, milling and steamships.  
Entered politics in 1898, and in 1902 was elected Governor of California. As a close student of the Chinese colony of San Francisco he became an expert boxer; and when in 1902 the Elkins Beet Root Bushwhackers were organized to save the Union from the Cuban peril he became prominent in its councils. Was elected Senator in 1900, and is likely to remain until 1908, if not longer.  
His interest in beet culture is not so keen as that of General Elkins, and when it was proposed to remodel the dome of the Capitol so that it should resemble that excellent esculent and thus become more suggestive of its ownership, he is believed to have opposed the suggestion. Is considered by some to represent California's chief hope for presidential honors, for which his far-sightedness is said particularly to fit him. From his residence at Oakland, Cal., he can see

the Sandwich Islands on a clear day, and the Philippines with the aid of a glass. This shows him to be a man of wondrous breadth of view, and it is not impossible, if Senator Teller can be induced to withdraw from the contest, that he may win the next Republican nomination.  
Talks little, but is author of several interesting monographs on such varied topics as "The Cuban Invasion," "The Dago and His Due" and "Political Beets, Live and Dead, by One of 'Em."

Mason, William Ernest.

United States Senator from Illinois. Head

of Cook County. Familarly known in Washington as BOXER BILLIE.  
FROM THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.  
Born, Franklinville, N. Y., July 7, 1850. His first words were: "This ain't Chicago!" In tones of deep and fearful protest. He could not be quelled or several hours, until his parents had the happy thought to light a soft coal fire in the stove, when the infant statesman dropped off into a peaceful slumber. At the age of 4 he moved to Iowa, and there received the academic education which has made him a rival of the masters of culture in public life.  
From 1868 to 1870 he taught school in Des Moines, Ia., where the influence of his teachings is still felt, the city having from that time called itself *Lay Moines*, instead of *Lay Moines*, showing the marked influence of a cultivated mind upon its environment. In 1873 he took up the practice of law and upon such a large scale that he moved to Chicago in order to find room for it. Entered politics in State Legislature in 1879, and made such fame as an orator that the city of Chicago began to expand so as to accommodate his voice, which has a reach of eighty miles in every direction, and which, when taxed to the uttermost on the prairies, can be heard as far as Kansas City.  
Went to Congress in 1887, and was elected to the Senate in 1897. At the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893, he was one of the most successful exhibitors, and was so beautiful

architecturally that the Duke of Veragua was with difficulty convinced that he was permanent and not a temporary structure. In the Senate he has represented the Lake Michigan spirit to perfection, one moment serene, calm and smiling, the next the embodiment of an overwhelming storm, with the waves a-lashing and the trees a-crashing and the winds a-smashing before his thunderous eloquence.  
Joined the Beet Root Bushwhackers from principle, not from self-interest, since he has no particular liking for beets, even when sugar-coated. The danger of the embodiment of an overwhelming storm, with the waves a-lashing and the trees a-crashing and the winds a-smashing before his thunderous eloquence.  
OUR WILLIAM.  
He saved Chicago From the Dago, And helped the Cuban troop Into the soap, And saved the Illinois—Ind Billie Boy.  
Recreation—Playing golf with his enemies, many of whom he has holed out at one stroke. Motto—I am a Mason. Address—Care of Elkins, Perkins and Jones, Beet Root Brigade, The Capitol, Washington, D. C.

## WHY WOMEN HAVE "NERVES."

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"It is not at all strange that women have 'nerves,'" said a physician the other day. "You will notice that they belong particularly to those women who are leading what we might call a strenuous life, and not so much among those for whom existence is a mere humdrum affair."  
"Especially do we find 'nerves' among women who are employed in a business capacity. To begin with, the majority are criminally careless. I have known women to not only attempt but to accomplish a hard day's work in an office on a cup of coffee and a roll for breakfast, and tea and toast, or a chocolate eclaire and a bowl of milk for luncheon."  
"Frequently I have seen a party of girls making their midday meal of an ice cream soda. They probably save their extra lunch money for lace stockings or neck ribbons, but they expend ten times their value in vitality."  
"If a man tried living on that plan he would soon collapse, but, as men are constituted, there is no need of apprehension along that line, for a man thinks more of his meals than a woman does (unless it happens to be a tete-a-tete affair after the theater)."  
"Another reason for a woman's prominent nervous characteristics is that she never shields her nerves. They are allowed to be-

come too sensitive. If she misses a ferry she does not sit calmly and wait for the next one. She sits on the edge of the seat, taps her foot upon the floor and is continually on the alert for the first sounds of its approach.  
"Then she will worry for fear she will not be able to secure a seat. She will contract her eyebrows, bite her lips and clench her fingers, all the time using up nervous energy, instead of storing it away for a time when it may be needed."  
"How few women we see who have that sweet placidity of countenance that we see pictured in their grandmothers' portraits. This manner of living has stamped their upon women's faces just as irrevocably as upon their constitutions."

Holland Primrose Bloom.  
There is a plant in Holland known as the evening primrose, which grows to a height of five or six feet, and bears a profusion of large, yellow flowers, so brilliant that they attract immediate attention, even at a great distance. But the chief peculiarity about the plant is the fact that the flowers, which open just before sunset, burst into bloom so suddenly that they give one the impression of some magical agency. A man who has seen this wonder blooming says it is just as if some one had touched the land with a wand, and thus covered it all at once with a golden sheet.



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One of the best members of the Delmar chorus, Lydia Moody, the subject of "A Runaway Girl" poster, is the only one of Delmar's merry-makers who appeared in the original New York production of the musical comedy.  
Miss Moody was made the subject of Archie Gunn's posters, from which the "Runaway Girl" costumes were modeled.

The dress shown in the poster is an exact reproduction of the one worn by Miss Moody in the initial New York presentation of Monckton's work at Daly's Theater. After her two seasons with the Daly company, Miss Moody appeared in "San Toy," and recently in "Kiss Me." She will probably return to the Savage forces in the fall to join the "Sultan of Sulu."